

Part 9 - Never look a gift horse...

Now what's that on my garden path,
down there behind the gate?
Has someone dumped their rubbish there,
it don't half look a state.

two plastic sacks that contain clothes,
ah, must be my friend Pete,
He said he'd drop some rags off,
when I spoke to him last week!

I go unveil Thunderbolt
We'll have a real good time,
these rags, two tubes of 'Autosol'
By Christ, you're going to shine!

I delve inside bag number one,
it's full of cotton sheets,
I tear them into little bits,
now that should last for weeks!

Now all the clothes are cut or burnt,
I start to clean my toy,
A Royal Enfield Bullet bike,
which brings me tons of joy.

Two hours it took with spokes and rims,
and all the engine parts,
Plus handlebars, control levers,
gear rod and the kickstart.

I use the sheets to put it on,
the sweaters to remove,
I folded them so carefully,
to get into the grooves.

Every single piece of chrome,
the ally too, just great,
ten paces back and turn around,
oh christ, this job's first rate!



I keep the bag for further use,
move on to number two,
some sweaters I would never wear,
I guess neither would you.

he said that he would wash them first,
but this pile, it just reeks!
I cut the sweaters into bits
but what's this underneath?

Two pairs of nylon knickers,
a short skirt with a hem,
Now Pete, he is a single man,
so how come he's got them?

He might just have a second life,
but then I'm not a pryer,
I grab the 'Knicks' with metal tongs,
and drop them in the fire.

Thunderbolt looks perfect now,
and with pleasure I smile.
Just go and get helmet and boots,
we'll cruise the miracle mile!

My day is going much to well,
It's coming up to noon,
The telephone is singing now,
and signalling my doom.

I pick it up unknowingly,
and answer as you do,
oh good, a welcome voice i know,
A call from my friend, "Moo"

"Has my friend Carol been there yet,
and left some clothes behind?
Her washing machine's broken down,
I said you wouldn't mind!"